

The second part of

Staying no longer question. *Earle* Ha? againe,
Said he, yong Harry Percies spur was cold,
Of Hot-spurre, Cold-spurre, that rebellion
Had met ill lucke?

Bard. My lord, Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your sonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine honor for a silken point,
Ile giue my Barony, neuer talke of it.

Earle Why should that gentleman that rode by Trauers,
Giue then such instances of losse?

Bard. Who he?
He was some hilding fellow that had stolne
The horse he rode on, and vpon my life
Spoke at a venter. Looke, here comes more news. *enter Mor-*

Earle Yea this mans brow, like to a title leafe,
Foretells the nature of a tragicke volume,
So lookes the strond, whereon the imperious floud,
Hath left a witnest vsurpation.

Say Mourton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mour. I ranne from Shrewsbury my noble lord,
Where hatefull death put on his vgliest maske,
To fright our partie.

Earle How doth my sonne and brother?
Thou tremblest, and the whitenes in thy cheeke,
Is apter then thy tongue to tell thy arrand,
Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritleffe,
So dull, so dead, in looke, so woe begon,
Drew Priams curtaine in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, halfe his Troy was burnt:
But Priam found the fier, ere he, his tongue,
And I, my Percies death, ere thou reportst it.
This thou wouldst say, Your son did thus and thus,
Your brother thus: so fought the noble Dowglas,
Stopping my greedy eare with their bold deedes,
But in the end, to stop my eare indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with brother, sonne, and all are dead.

Mour.

Henry the fo

Mour. Douglas is liuing, and you
But for my Lord your sonne:

Earle Why he is dead?
See what a ready tongue Suspicion
He that but feares the thing hee wou
Hath by instinct, knowledge from
That what he seard is chanced: yet sp
Tell thou an Earle, his diuination lie
And I will take it as a sweete disgrace
And make thee rich for doing me fu

Mour. You are too great to be by
Your spirite is too true, your feares to

Earle Yet for all this, say not that I
I see a strange confession in thine eie,
Thou shakst thy head, and holdst it f
To speake a truth: if he be slaine,
The tongne offends not that reports
And he doth sinne that doth belie th
Not he which saies the dead is not ali
Yet the first bringer of vnwelcome n
Hath but a loosing office, and his ton
Sounds euer after as a sullen bell,
Remembred tolling a departing frie

Bard. I cannot thinke, my Lord,

Mour. I am sory I should force y
That which I would to God I had no
But these mine eies saw him in bloud
Rendring faint quittance, wearied, an
To Harry Monmouth, whose swift
The neuer daunted Percy to the ear
From whence with life he neuer mor
In few his death, whose spirite lent a fi
Euen to the dullest peasant in his cam
Being bruted once, tooke fire and hea
From the best temperd courage in his
For from his mettall was his party stee